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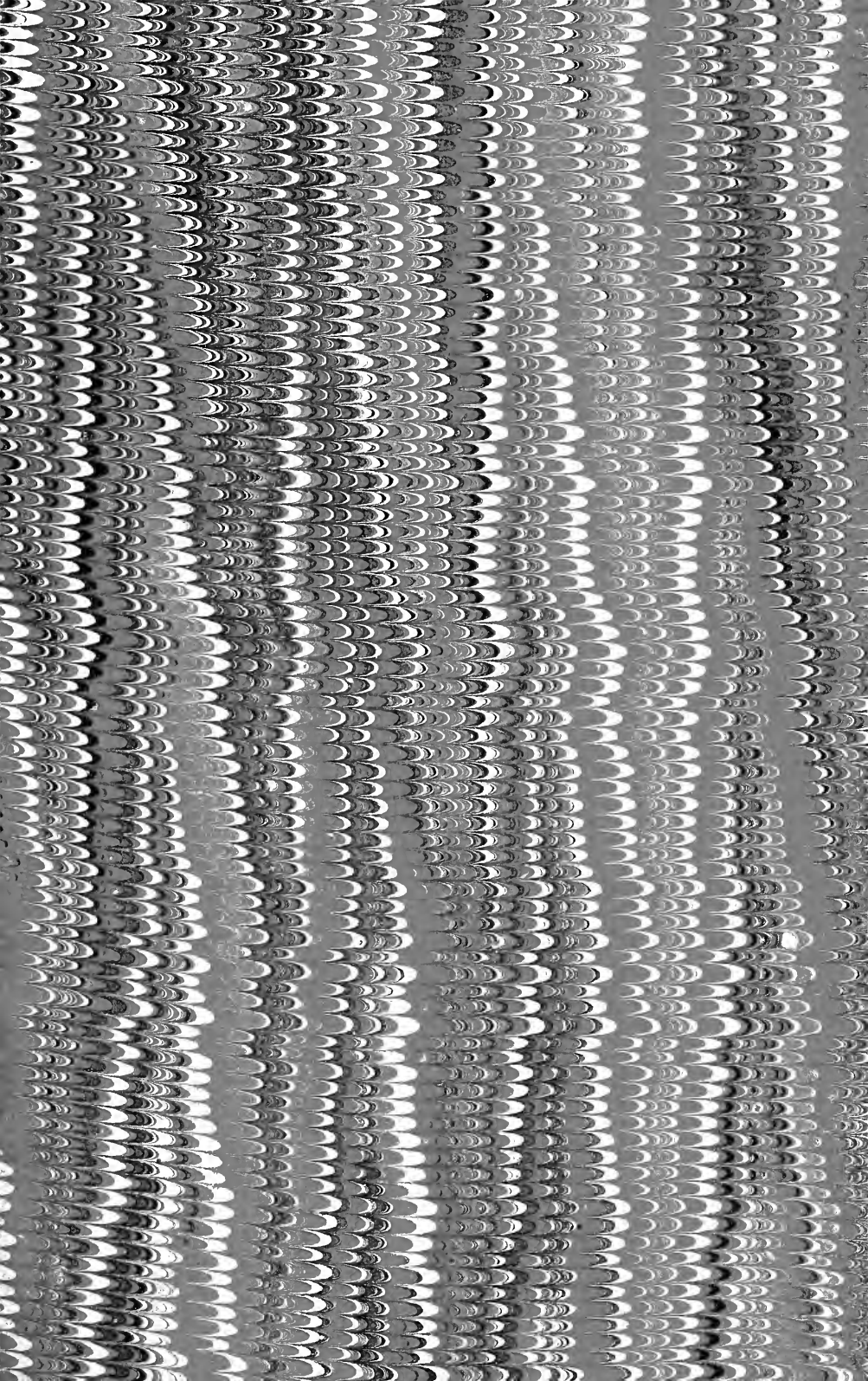
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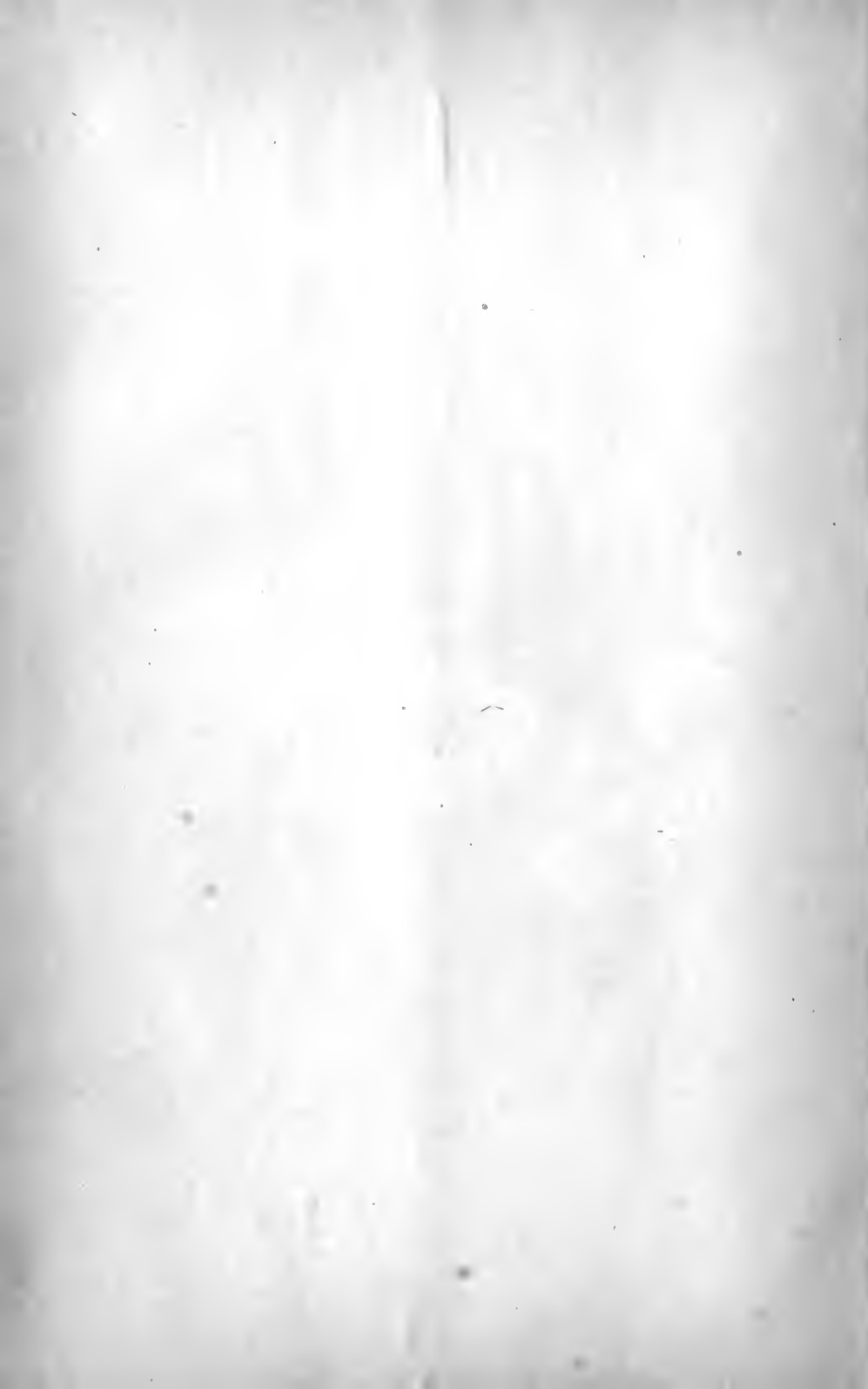
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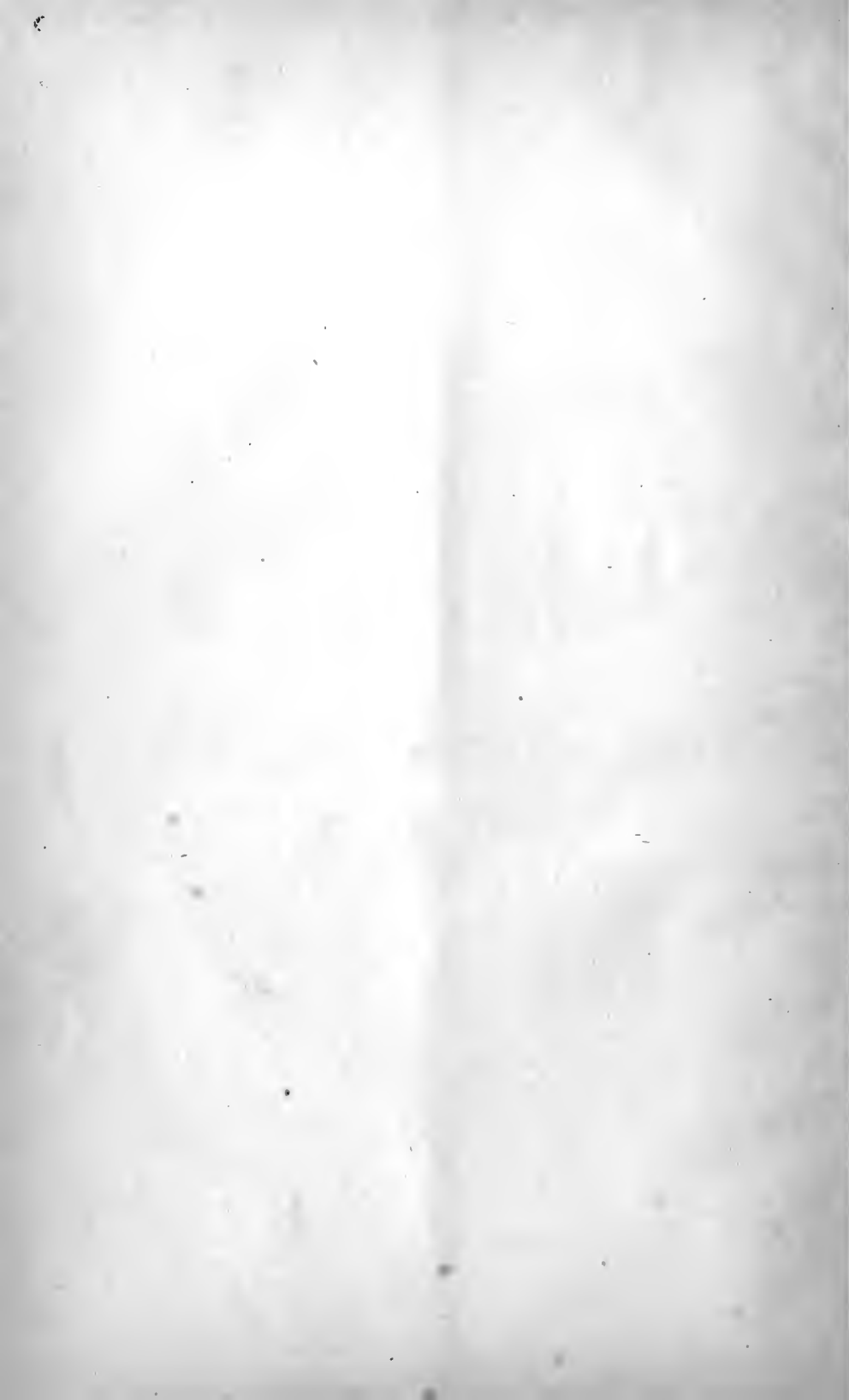












*On the Compliment of the
A. B. Hagner.*

THE TRIUMPHS OF GENERAL EDUCATION AND OUR RESPONSIBILITIES FOR ITS ADVANCEMENT.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES

OF

SAINT JOHN'S COLLEGE,

ANNAPOLIS,

30th July, 1872.

BY

ALEXANDER B. HAGNER.

ADDRESS

OF

Hon. ALEXANDER B. HAGNER,

DELIVERED BEFORE

The Philokalian and Philomathian Societies

OF

SAINT JOHN'S COLLEGE,

July 30th, 1872.



ANNAPOLIS:
WM. T. IGLEHART, PRINT.
1872.

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ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE,

ANNAPOLIS, MD., Aug. 1st, 1872.

HON. A. B. HAGNER:

Dear Sir:

We have the honor, on behalf of the PHILOKALIAN SOCIETY, to request, for publication, a copy of the very scholarly address with which you favored us on the 30th of July last.

We are y'r ob't servants,

W. H. HARLAN,
HENRY B. WIRT, } *Ex. Com.*
J. R. WILMER,

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE,

ANNAPOLIS, MD.

MR. A. B. HAGNER:

Dear Sir:

We have the honor, on behalf of the PHILOMATHIAN SOCIETY, to thank you for your very interesting and appropriate address to the Literary Societies of this College, on the 30th ultimo, and request a copy for publication.

Very Respectfully,

Your obd't servants,

THOS. R. PATTON,
HENINGHAM GORDON, } *Ex. Com.*
JOHN P. BRISCOE,

MESSRS. HARLAN, WIRT and WILMER,

Committee on behalf of The Philokalian Society, and

MESSRS. PATTON, GORDON and BRISCOE,

Committee on behalf of The Philomathian Society of
Saint John's College.

Gentlemen:

With regrets that the address is not more deserving of the kind terms in which you have been pleased to refer to it, I place it at your disposal.

Very truly your friend,

A. B. HAGNER.

ANNAPOLIS, 10th Aug. 1872.

A. B. HAGNER, Esq.

Dear Sir:

We take great pleasure in performing the duty, assigned by the Board of Trustees of St. John's College, to request for publication a copy of the highly interesting address delivered by you on the 30th ulto., before the Literary Societies of the College.

Very respectfully and truly y'rs,

WILL. H. TUCK, }
A. RANDALL, } *Comm.*
N. BREWER, }

Gentlemen:

In compliance with the request of The Visitors and Governors of Saint John's College, I have the honor to transmit a copy of the address.

Please accept my acknowledgments for the agreeable manner in which you have performed the duty assigned you, and believe me to be

Very respectfully and truly y'rs,

A. B. HAGNER.

HON. W. H. TUCK, }
HON. A. RANDALL, } *Committee.*
N. BREWER, Esq., }

ADDRESS.

Gentlemen of the Philomathian and Philokalian Societies of Saint John's College:

I could not well give you a stronger proof of my interest in your Societies than my compliance with your request; since few things are less in the line of my pursuits than the delivery of such an address as your invitation deserves. For among a multitude of unfounded charges against our profession there is this true one, that the Law is a jealous mistress, too exacting to yield much time for other pursuits, and especially intolerant of excursions into the fields of Literature or Fancy. And I am painfully aware how much the intrinsic difficulty of the undertaking is increased in my case, for the crude remarks that professional and other engagements have in some sort rendered a necessity with me on the present occasion, must contrast most unfavorably with the polished orations your invitations have called forth in former years.

I propose this evening to consider whether the diffusion of general education, as far as it has progressed in our day, has realized for the world at large, the beneficent results predicted by its advocates; and then to inquire what responsibilities attach to us, as recipients of its blessings, for its further advancement.

It has remained for our day to achieve the only real advance the world has ever witnessed towards *the universal diffusion of knowledge among men*.

The aim of the true scholar of to-day is not alone to store his own intellectual garner, insensible to the mental famine of the multitude that surround him. He no longer fears to allow his neighbor to kindle a taper at his candle, least it might diminish the brightness of its flame; but his effort is to make the blessings of education "as liberal as the air," accessible to all who are willing to claim them.

The vaunted culture of Egypt, Greece and Rome, and of the so-called Revival of Letters in Europe inaugurated by the famous Accademia of Florence, was but the partial education of a limited number, whose acquirements displayed a factitious splendor by contrast with the surrounding ignorance, as even the glimmer of the glow-worm will make itself seen in Cimmerian darkness. We know now how much of their boasted knowledge was folly, and how great a part of it they assumed, to deceive the ignorant masses around them. The exposure at Pompeii of the cunningly devised machinery by which the Priest of Isis extracted prophetic utterances from the statue of his God, was but the verification of the assertions of Lucian and Plutarch long before, that the learned of their day did not really believe in the worship of the graven images before which they offered hecatombs, while they enjoined it as a sacred duty upon their followers.

The arbitrary ruler well knew that his reign could only be secure as long as his subjects were greatly his inferiors in intelligence, for none others would be content to abandon all concern in the government of their country in exchange for the horrid delights of the Amphitheatre.

Though such ages gave birth to brilliant Authors, they can no more be called learned, than India could be called rich because the Moguls who despoiled the wretched ryots gave audience on peacock thrones glistening with gems. The self-applauding preservers of learning of the Middle Ages were but misers who carefully concealed from the general use the coveted food for the mind—dreading the loss of their own importance, if knowledge should become too common; for the very foundation of the system they erected was the supremacy of the learned classes over the ignorant in every relation of life.

Knowledge and thought are only kept healthful by contact and use, as coin is made bright by rubbing against coin. What wonder that the solitary student, exempt from active competition with other intelligences, should stagnate into the dreamer, finding no higher theme for his mental powers than the discussion of the weighty questions, whether the Almighty could make two mountains without an intervening valley, or what number of angels could stand upon the point of a needle: or that the incipient philosopher should degenerate into the alchymist and exorcist, evidencing his league with Satan to gaping crowds by the trivial experiments of

the laboratory. Nor is it remarkable that the multitude should have looked with jealousy and suspicion upon those who thus clothed their learning with mystery and prostituted it to such selfish and ignoble uses; or should sometimes have taken the Philosophers at their word, and punished them as practicers of the occult arts they professed. Shakespeare's Jack Cade spoke for a large class in his day, when he proclaimed the Clerk of Chatham a Conjuror, because he had in his pocket a book with red letters in it; and denounced Lord Say as an unquestioned traitor, because he could speak four Latin words. And it was no further back than the reign of Edward the Sixth, that books of Astronomy and Geometry were burnt in England as infected with Magic.

This discouragement of general education produced its evil effect upon the higher classes, to whom knowledge remained more accessible.

The journal of the famous Samuel Pepys presents a singular picture of the occupations of the Court of Charles the Second and of its estimate of the just uses of science, in two letters from Sir Isaac Newton, in reply to inquiries addressed to him by command of the King. The "Merrie Monarch" had required the great philosopher to determine, whether the chances of a player were greater to throw *six* sixes with *six* dice, or *twelve* sixes with *twelve* dice, or *three* sixes with *three* dice. The letters are filled with abstruse calculations by which Sir Isaac vindicated his opinion, though they conclude with

a quiet suggestion that his time might have been more usefully employed. The mathematicians of the *Philomathian* Society might entertain a similar opinion, if the momentous question were submitted for their solution.

It is evident that King and Courtiers looked upon the Philosopher as Macauley informs us the country Squires of the day regarded their curates, or as Pharaoh and Belshazzar esteemed their magicians and interpreters of dreams.

A Freshman might be forgiven for suggesting that an age of such unbounded *levity*, would have seemed singularly unpropitious for the discovery of the laws of Gravity.

Pepys himself was a scholar of Madeline College, Cambridge, was looked upon as a learned man, and from an early age held the high post of Clerk of the Acts, which at times gave him the virtual control of the Naval affairs of the kingdom. In the journal which he kept with such uncomplimentary fidelity he records, when upwards of thirty years of age, that he had determined to study the Mathematics, and had accordingly commenced the *multiplication table* under the instruction of a Tutor. He selected the month of July for the severe task, and at intervals of ten days he chronicles his progress, and seems firmly resolved to master its intricacies. From so promising a beginning, one is not surprised to learn that he afterwards became President of The Royal Society, nineteen years before Sir Isaac Newton attained that high distinction.

When George the First ascended the throne of England, which for fourteen years he had known was to devolve upon him, Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu was the only member of the Ministry who could hold a conversation with the King, who only spoke German and French; and this in the year of Grace 1714, and England but twenty-two miles distant from the Continent.

The wisdom and learning of every age are largely due to the accumulations it has been able to derive from those that have gone before, the stream of knowledge widening and deepening with the accession of every rivulet of learning. But the difficulty of procuring books in former times, practically limited very greatly the storing and transmission of learning. Saint Jerome, in the fourth century, relates how he beggared himself in procuring a copy of the works of Origen; and the painfully prepared palimpsests of the Middle Ages attest the costliness and rarity and consequent inaccessibility of books, except to the rich. The invention of printing, until of recent years, did little more than ameliorate the evil, for the character of the books printed united with their costliness to limit the number of readers to a comparatively small class.

How strangely this compares with the facilities for reading in our day; with the newspaper in every house, and the pleasant volume cheaply accessible to the humblest classes who now hold the place of those who, a few generations back, contented themselves with gazing

upon the mystical page, as children puzzle over the unintelligible devices on Chinese tea chests.

In some respects an education confined to a limited class is, for the people at large, worse than no education at all, inviting to tyranny on the part of the learned, who find ready subjects in their intellectual inferiors; and they in turn, are brought to associate injustice with learning. A nation so constituted contains the inherent seeds of jealousy and weakness. The man who should build his house upon the sands of the sea, or endeavor to poise a pyramid on its apex, would not be more illogical than those who profess to wish the advancement of mankind and yet leave the masses in ignorance.

The rude guides who conduct the traveler through the pyramids and catacombs of Egypt and Rome are wiser in their generation than the Ptolemies and schoolmen; for they require each of the group, however numerous it may be, to carry a lighted torch, to diminish as far as possible the danger of being lost in hopeless gloom by the accidental extinguishment of the lights.

Thanks to the sagacious policy which in our day has sought to increase to its utmost capacity the number of those who *bear aloft the lights of science*—which endeavors to create an intelligent atmosphere to displace the Bœotian fogs and gloom of ignorance and suspicion that oppressed and discouraged the student of other times; surrounding the scholar of to-day with sympathetic minds, who are interested in his every advancing step and competent to aid and stimulate him by counsel and act.

That our present civilization has advanced to a point far excelling all that preceded it in everything that ministers to the comfort and happiness of mankind, cannot be doubted by any thoughtful mind; nor can it be disputed, that our gratitude is due to the Genius of Universal Education, the auxiliary of Christianity, for all these blessings.

Hic "Deus nobis hæc otia fecit."

We must make great allowances for the palpable exaggerations with which the romantic annalists of former times adorned their pages. It requires as abundant a faith to credit much that we read of the ancient splendor of the Courts, of the marvels of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, as narrated by the elder historians, where the rival monarchs moved like descended Gods, as to give credence to the amazing adventures of noble knights and ladies fair, in their journeyings through trackless forest and impenetrable morass—exposed to the fury of the elements, the rage of wild beasts and the assaults of robbers innumerable, but always emerging resplendent with gems and stainless samite, and scattering gold on every hand as largesse in an age when coined money was especially rare. Much of this glorification belongs to the age of exaggeration, and is akin to the story of Hannibal melting the rocks with vinegar, of which he chanced to have so opportune a supply on the summit of the Alps—to the tales of "antres vast ...and hills whose heads touch Heaven;...the Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath

their shoulders;" or, in later days, to the narrative of our own Father Hennepin, who saw Niagara Falls when they were about 1000 feet in height! The sober truth would paint these glories in a rather more sombre dress. But admitting the correctness of all these embellishments, they only show that the selfish few who managed to retain for themselves all the learning of the age, were equally careful to monopolize its luxuries. However brightly jewels flashed in castle and hall, on the brow of beauty, Gurth "born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood," with the brass collar on his neck, was a fair type of the serfs who glowered outside the Castle walls they had been forced to build for their own subjugation. For the collar on the serf's neck was no invention of Sir Walter Scott. By a statute, passed in the 1st year of Edward VI., ordering idlers and vagabonds to be sold as slaves for two years, and condemning them as slaves forever in the event of their escape or disobedience, it was made lawful for a master to put a ring of iron around the neck, arms or legs of the slave, "for the more certain knowledge and surety of the keeping of him;" "and if any person do take, or help to take any such band of iron from any such slave, every person so doing without the license or assent of his master, shall forfeit ten pounds sterling."

None of the most moderate fortunes at the present day would consent to exchange their carpeted dwellings, replete with the appliances of heat and water and light, for the uncomfortable prodigality of the banquet-

ing halls of Elizabeth, where the courtiers cut the meats with their daggers and the ladies tore it with forkless hands, not much more decorously than the dogs that fought over the bones and scraps among the rushes beneath the table.

Compare the present facilities of travel with those existing at the beginning of the century, when Mr. Jefferson would consume his two weeks in a trip from Virginia to New York,—a time now sufficient for a journey to San Francisco and back. Contrast the two months voyage of Columbus, with the nine days passage across the Atlantic in steamships excelling in elegance and real comfort the purpled galleys of Cleopatra when she ascended the Cydnus to meet her Anthony; the snail-like motion of the mails of seventy years ago, justifying the exclamation of Luther Martin the Attorney General of Maryland, as preserved in our books of Reports, that “none but an angel on the wings of the wind could give notice in ten days from Philadelphia to Charleston,” with the transmission of intelligence through the marvellous telegraph, which, lo! almost in an instant of time, informs the citizen of California of events in Calcutta fourteen hours in advance of their occurrence, according to our measure of time! Think of the wretched days when men stood hopeless and helpless to oppose the ravages of the pestilence whenever it appeared, like the pale horse and its rider in the Apocalyptic vision, desolating palace and hovel alike, until it had worn itself out as consuming fires die from want of

sustenance. Of the tortures inflicted by the surgeon's knife and the cautery, where the sufferer writhed under unsubdued torments more intense than the wound itself, compared with the modern appliances of anæsthetic agents which place the patient in the deep sleep like that which fell upon Adam, giving aid and opportunity for the operator's skill; of the increased duration of human life as demonstrated by carefully kept tables of mortality; of the humane efforts of the present generation towards the amelioration of the unnecessary rigors of prison discipline, extending to the repentant criminal some hope for the future and showing him something of that Divine Mercy, which with earnest prayers we invoke for ourselves; of the conviction, slowly forced upon the minds of men, that Insanity is not a crime, to be punished with darkness and flagellations; of the glorious fact that the fires kindled by religious persecutions have been forever quenched by the tears of the last sufferers from this device of the devil to induce men to abhor a Faith that demands human sacrifices for its Altars; of the inauguration by the two most powerful nations on earth of that plan of peaceful Arbitration of international difficulties, which substitutes the treaty before the war for the inevitable treaty that must be made after the war; thus releasing to the pursuits of industry the armed millions of the flower of the earth who are now condemned at times to lives of enforced idleness, and then to "the battles of the warrior" with their "confused sound and garments

rolled in blood;" and of the numberless blessings of an advanced civilization that surround us on every hand, and which are the direct result of the diffusion of General Education.

Nowhere is this wonderful progress so conspicuous as in our own country, incomparably the first on earth in securing the general welfare of its people; where the last year witnessed the completion of a greater number of miles of railroad than almost any kingdom of the Old World contains; where great cities rise with a rapidity that seems to realize the fabled growth of the walls raised by the music of the demi-god; towards whose hospitable shores so many eager faces are constantly turned with such anxious hopes; the only country, except Australia, which presents the remarkable spectacle of the continued immigration of vast multitudes with no decrease of its inhabitants from emigration. "*Nulla vestigia retrorsum*," may well be the sorrowful utterance of the European ruler who witnesses this unexampled exodus of the most enterprising of his people to the land of promise. Under such skies, in a country possessing a larger extent of fertile land in a body than the earth elsewhere contains, with almost every variety of production, surrounded by so much that ministers to the happiness of man, we may well be devoutly thankful that our lot has fallen on these latter days, which seer and prophet might well have waited for; for never has any generation inhabited the earth under such favored conditions as do we of the Nineteenth Century.

I claim no perfection for our times. The millenium is not yet. The fruit of the tree in the Garden was of the knowledge of evil as well as good. Cuvier declares that science reveals nothing to prove that our predecessors were races of giants, and the men of to-day, cast in the same physical mould, have the same passions and moral imperfections, the same taint of mortality, that debased the first dwellers upon earth. We would cease to be human were it otherwise. And this painful consciousness of the faults and vices of our age is not more evident than our duty to aid earnestly in reforming them. Lamentations over our alleged degeneracy will no more cure the evils than the wagoner's prayer to Hercules could move his stalled team. Carlyle quotes from Rushworth a dialogue between Lord Rea and Sir David Ramsay in 1630, in which his Lordship, groaning over the evil days ejaculates, "Well, God mend all!" "nay, Donald," said the other, "by Heaven, but we must help Him to mend it." And we, in our day, can do no human thing which can be so effectual to amend the evils that afflict our times, as to assist in the development of General Education.

All men since Solomon, have deplored the wickedness of their own times and sighed for some supposed age of purity that preceded them; but these are only fanciful dreams, "*agri somnia vana*," as unreal as those of the lunatic in Maud, who fancying himself dead and badly buried exclaims—

"Oh wretchedest age since Time began!
They cannot even bury a man."

People forget that in these days the newspaper and

telegraph penetrate to every corner of the earth, and expose to publicity the smallest offences. The sins of to-day are no new inventions. If ill-gotten wealth exercises a corrupting influence in our day, the age is but repeating, in a greatly mitigated form, the days when all was venal at Rome; when Crassus bought the triumvirate and the Praetorians publicly sold the Empire; when Marlborough was detected in public peculation that would have disgraced the meanest foot-boy among his camp followers, and a King's brother, when Commander-in-Chief, a century afterwards, faithfully imitated this shameful part of his predecessor's career; and Walpole boasted that he knew the price of every man in Parliament, and could make a hundred patriots in a night.

That crime should sometimes go undetected and unpunished is neither remarkable nor new, for such has been the complaint since the world was made, and never with less support than now. The most infamous judges of modern times who have stained the ermine and been punished for their crimes, were but mean imitators of the illustrious Bacon. But our civilization knows no class or condition above or beneath the law, and the shameful contrivances by which, in the supposed ages of purity, the abandoned criminal was set free to commit new crimes under the plea of Benefit of Clergy, provided he possessed learning enough to read the 1st verse of the Miserere, has given way to a system which justly holds the learned more culpable than the ignorant.

Imagine a scene like this in a court of our day: "The prisoner being found guilty of *manslaughter* and being asked what he had to say why judgment should not pass against him, *prayed his clergy* and that he *was and still is a clerk, and offered to read as a clerk*, whereupon his clergy was allowed him, and he was tried by the Ordinary who gave him a Psalm to read, whereof he read the first verse; and then Sir Samuel Astry asked the Ordinary, "*Legit vel non?*", who answered "*Legit*,"—whereupon the executioner burnt him without the bar on the brawn of the left hand." Yet this is the literal statement of a case in Salkeld's Reports in the 8th year of William 3d; and the abominable folly remained a part of the law of England until 1827, and was never finally obliterated from the Statutes in Maryland until 1809. It is to be hoped that the contrivance at least had the effect to create in the criminal an affectionate reverence for the fifty-first psalm for the rest of his life, however unmindful he may have been of the other parts of the Sacred Volume.

To those who fear that honesty and patriotism in rulers are exploded ideas in our country, it may be some melancholy consolation to recall that Washington found grave fault during the Revolution with the greed of contractors and the "modesty" of some of his soldiers; that his most trusted commander assumed the odious name of traitor for money; that his camp during the war was frequently disturbed by factions and cabals; and that it required all his iron resolution at its close

to suppress the treasonous plot which sought to defraud of their liberty the people who had struggled through seven sad years of war against Monarchy, by placing a crown on the brows of the Commander-in-Chief; that this same incomparable man, who had steadily refused all remuneration for his immeasurable services was assailed by mean natures as a speculator, a miser, a cold-blooded imbecile and a tyrant; that almost equally shameful abuse was spattered on his successors in office, one of the greatest of whom is vilified, for all time, in the lampooning verse of a celebrated English poet as guilty of shameful practices; and that all this occurred in the so-called "*pure days*" of the Republic.

But fortunately all know that such slanders generally are but the penalty which vile minds impose upon the attainment of high station, and that the detractors are generally willing to withdraw them when their object no longer excites envy; as the savage enemies of Juarez, the purest man Mexico ever produced, are to-day striving to win the popular favor by rivalling his friends in lavishing praises upon his name, as if by flattery "to soothe the cold, dull ear of death."

And to those sensitive souls who especially deplore the growing irreligion of the age and thus practically insist that eighteen centuries of Christianity have made the world unchristian and that The Blessed Saviour died in vain, the devotion and superior learning of the great body of the Ministers of Religion in our day over those of all former times, (as admitted by every student

of history), the unprecedented growth of the Churches; and the air thick with the music of the church-going bell from almost every hill top, should surely tend to give assurance that He who said "My promise cannot fail," will perform it to the uttermost.

Those who extol the past to the disparagement of the present make no adequate allowance for the softening effect of time and the enchantment of distance, that "robes the mountain in its azure hue." How harshly its craggy ravines and broken gorges display themselves as we approach its base! "Truth," says Lord Bacon "is a naked and open daylight that doth not show the masks and mummeries and triumphs of the world so stately and daintily as candlelight." But it is through "that fierce light which beats upon" our times "and blackens every blot" that we are compelled to scrutinize its failings.

The poet and historian who would have us believe that the Age of Chivalry is gone and that men like their heroes grow no more on earth, would not succeed so well in making feeble natures dissatisfied with the age in which their lot has been cast, if they were half as free in admitting the faults of their saints as they are in magnifying their virtues. Sir Philip Sidney has ever been lauded as a blameless knight, whose gentleness and magnanimity were his chiefest merits. I confess I can see nothing particularly saint-like in this letter which his biographer informs us he addressed to his Father's Secretary, a poor gentle-

man, whom he unjustly suspected of a breach of confidence.

“Mr. Molineux: Few words are best. My letters to my Father have come to the eyes of some, neither can I condemn any but *you* for it. You have played the very knave with me and so I will make you know, if I have good proof of it. But that, for so much as is *past*. For that is *to come*, I assure you before God, that if ever I know you do so much as read any letter I write to my Father without his commandment or my consent I will thrust my dagger in you; and trust to it, for I speak it in earnest. In the meantime farewell.

By me, PHILIP SIDNEY.”

The strongest terms we can find in condemnation of the fearful vice of intemperance are borrowed from elder days when men “*lingered long at the wine cup*” and “*rose up early to drink strong drink*.” Father White’s “Authentic Narrative of the Voyage of the first settlers to Maryland” contains an account of the Christmas festivities on board The Ark, one of the small vessels, when, as he expresses it, “wine having been freely distributed in honor of that festival, several drank of it immoderately and thirty persons were seized with a fever the next morning of whom twelve died.” So Christmas was not kept more soberly in those pure days than it now is. If the similar accident to Noah had been remembered, the vessel might have not received the name of *The Ark* at its christening.

The same class of self-depreciators extol the me-

chanical contrivances of the past and its unapproachable architecture, as proof of its superiority in those respects. But one must have but a limited acquaintance with the resources of art in our times who can doubt that the erection of the Druidical remains at Stonchenge and of the pyramids themselves, would be but child's play to the workman of our day with the steam-engine at command, which to-day does work in England equal to the labor of 400,000,000 men. The good sense of the present age has preferred to build smaller and more appropriate churches, rather than erect enormous structures like those noble Cathedrals which arose over Europe between the eleventh and fourteenth centuries like glorious exhalations of praise from the earth, as if in propitiation for all the righteous blood that had been shed on the land from the blood of righteous Abel. But there are few modern countries that could not surpass them, and that too without such oppressions as were imposed upon those whose enforced labor reared those altars, with sighs that ascended to Heaven like the groans of the Sacrifice. The most sumptuous and splendid church interior in Europe, literally gleaming with precious marbles and rich with mosaics and frescoes, is the great modern Basilica of St. Paul's-without-the walls at Rome, which was built largely if not chiefly, by contributions from this country and was only consecrated within the last twenty years.

Upon the people of this generation who are the recipients of the benefits which the diffusion of learning

has heaped upon mankind rests the responsibility for its further advancement. It is not enough to feed the vestal lamp of science, but it is our duty to increase and intensify its light until its cheering beams shall irradiate every dwelling. "To whomsoever much is given, from him shall much be required," is the inexorable law of our existence which is part of ourselves, and which one can no more shake off than he can rid himself of his shadow. We can turn no where without finding abundant need for our best services, but our present inquiry must be limited to the claims of General Education upon the people of to-day for its further extension and development.

The people of the State have a right to receive further collegiate aid, that their children may be educated within the borders of Maryland and need not become exiles to become learned—a necessity that would virtually exclude the poor man's son from all higher education. We should spend our money for education among our own people instead of continuing to aid in building up other communities with our means. The people know that increased facilities for higher education will increase the desire to obtain it, as increased facilities of travel fill our conveyances with travelers; that an insignificant rate of taxation which they are abundantly able and willing to pay, would amply endow suitable Colleges within the State; and they feel that it is not in keeping with the spirit of progress of Maryland in the past, that she should consent to be excelled

in this good work by almost every other State in the Union. She was a pioneer in past days in the great railway system of the country, as in all else that made for the public good, and her citizens have ever been busy workers in the Centuries of Invention. Her Capital City was the first in the Country that was lighted with illuminating gas, and it received the first message sent across the first magnetic telegraph ever constructed.

It cannot be that *the Student* was designedly omitted from the group of the Fisherman and the Agriculturist on the Great Seal of Maryland, and is entitled to no share in the fervent aspiration of our patron Saint—
“Crescite et multiplicamini!”

This responsibility, so far as our own State is concerned, rests upon its citizens; and first of all upon those of this City, which would directly profit by the establishment of a great College here, as Oxford and Cambridge and Leyden and Heidelberg, in Europe, and Cambridge and Princeton in our country, have been built up by their great Universities and Colleges. The College of to-day which applies to a Legislature for aid, without being able to show a respectable endowment from individuals, fails to present the most generally accepted practical proof of the probability of success. Let Saint John's approach the General Assembly, endowed with liberal private benefactions, which a judicious and earnest effort could not fail to secure, and its Visitors and Governors need have no anxieties that its reasonable requests will be unheeded. “To them who

have shall be given, and from him who hath not, shall be taken even that which he hath,"—seems to have been construed as especially written for American Colleges.

There is nothing to discourage in the past history of Saint John's. Except in the rarest cases where pre-scient governments have understood their needs from the beginning and started with liberal endowments, the progress of Colleges in our country towards complete success has ever been slow. Before Saint John's was chartered Princeton was an old College, lying in a densely populated and wealthy country between our two greatest commercial cities; and yet it was the complaint there in my day, as it had been for more than a century before, that the College had never received a dollar of endowment. And the same complaint would probably be heard still, had not its present energetic rulers gone to work in the right way within the last five years. As the result of this effort, the private benefactions to Princeton already largely exceed the sum of \$1,000,000. There is an abundance of wealth in Maryland to invest in business pursuits even of the most hazardous character, and enough of it would be cheerfully applied in the more enduring form of College endowments, if the wealthy were properly approached and had reasonable guarantees that their contributions would be usefully applied. The name of a College endowment will far outlast that of a hotel or a steamboat, which some men seem to rely on as a whimsical mode of perpetuating their fame. The renown of William of

Wyckham has survived the memorials of scores of kings who have lived and died since his day, and will endure as long as his College at Winchester shall exist.

Would that the people of Maryland rated the benefits of college education as highly as did the inhabitants of Bologna, who expressed in the motto of their State what they considered its noblest occupation—“*Bononia docet.*” It may be an interesting fact, to those who have heard the “woman’s rights movement” alternately lauded and blamed as a modern invention, that amongst the thousands who thronged the halls of that great university were many highborn dames, some of whom became professors of Greek, Mathematics and even Anatomy; and that one lovely lady, Novella D’Andrea by name, lectured on the law; but from that tender regard for the susceptibility of the youths before her which has ever distinguished her sex, she delivered her lectures from behind a curtain. Your Society that glories in the name of “*Lovers of the Beautiful,*” in justice to the fame of the fair lecturer, should endeavor to ascertain whether this was not really the origin of the somewhat famous “curtain lectures” of modern days, which were so conscientiously addressed to the obdurate and ungrateful Caudle.

This responsibility for the further diffusion of education does not rest alone upon the patron or the preceptor. It equally belongs to the *Student*; and no words of self-depreciation can dwarf him below the stature of accountability for the happiness and progress of his own

times. Jean Ingelow's words addressed by the preacher to the fishermen who pleaded their insignificance in exemption for neglected duty, equally apply to all who would take refuge in that defence from just censure.

“The day was I have been afraid of pride,
Hard man's hard pride; but now I am afraid
Of man's humility. I counsel you
By the Great God's great humbleness and by
His pity, *be not humble over much.*”

As a good army cannot exist without good soldiers, so there cannot be a successful college without creditable students. I confess I should prefer an army of lions with a stag for a leader to an army of stags with a lion for a leader—Alexander the Great to the contrary. Under the mild system of discipline of the present day, it is simply impossible for professors to produce proper results, without the active aid and efficient sympathy of those they are to instruct. The homely saying, “one man may lead a horse to water but ten men can't make him drink,” states the whole case fully.

The student's duty to endeavor to raise the fame of his college by achieving distinction in his studies is too obvious to need enforcement; and its discussion would certainly be superfluous here, where you and your brethren, under the tutelage of your excellent instructors, have given such conspicuous proof of the industry, acquirements and ability of the students of Saint John's. Indeed the lamentable waste of opportunities which so often haunts one through after life as he beholds his inferiors in ability and advantages pass him on the road to

success, is generally the result of thoughtlessness, rather than of design; of the neglect to pause from time to time and inquire *what our present business is*, and to reassure ourselves that it is really *business* and not *trifling*. For it cannot often be that college youths premeditate the waste of time, never to be recalled, and the consequent worse than waste of money—how often eked out by what denials and self-imposed privations on the part of the loving parent at home, who thinks no personal sacrifice too great for the beloved son!

With the hope that you may

“better reckon the rede
Than ever did th’ adviser,”

I will ask your leave to suggest to you a few points of infinite importance to the success of the student in his race for distinction in the college. They apply, I think, to the most common besetting faults that impede the advance of the greater number of scholars, and most men will agree in regrets that they had not realized them in their own college days.

One valuable precept for the student is resolutely to *avoid all waste of time*. Not that he should be always at work, for healthful recreation is as much a duty as study, and the college authorities should see that it is not neglected. It was gratifying to observe the recognition of this duty by the authorities at Harrow-on-the-Hill, in the notices posted about the buildings “*compulsory football for all classes at 12 o’clock to-day*.” The sound mind dwells only in the sound body, and the laws of health

take swift revenge of disobedience to their requirements. But the observant mind which is ever on the alert to receive impressions, will each day add to its treasures without serious effort and sometimes by methods which the ignorant may consider foolish. You may remember the story of James Watt, then a thoughtful observant boy, who had spent an hour in the kitchen holding a spoon in different positions before the steam issuing from the spout of a tea-kettle. Such apparent trifling roused the ire of his stern Aunt, who exclaimed with indignation, "James Watt, you are the idlest boy I ever saw; you have spent this whole morning playing with that spoon; why don't you put it down and study a book!" Fortunately for the world this explosion did not destroy the plans of the steam-engine which Watt was already beginning to mature.

Let the student resolve, as a cardinal principle, *to do his best on all occasions*. He need not fear to do too well or to exhaust his stores by too prodigal a use. The manna for the mind will be always renewed, but the old supply must be used and not stored to waste. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing as well as you can do it. If the fountain is really a good one it will soon fill again; and the practice of always calling your best faculties into use, will strengthen them for yet greater emergencies. The requirements of the present are certain and must be met now; the demands of the future are more doubtful and we may better trust to the resources we may then command, than slight

our present work by an unwise economy of the means in our possession.

Avoid that spirit of discontent with your lot which is engendered so often by the dreams of the castle builder. "Chateaux en Espagne" are as expensive and hurtful to the mind as the veritable articles in stone and mortar would be useless and exhausting to the purse. It is idle to sigh for other worlds or flatter ourselves that we could do better if we were placed elsewhere, or pursued different studies. Had we lived in other times, we would have stoned the Prophets as they did; and to the indolent a change of location is but a change of skies, and a change of studies but the substitution of one neglected book for another. The matter with which we have to deal is *here, face to face before us*, and we must encounter it now, as best we may. The stoic Epictetus, when enforcing the duties of life by illustrations from the scenes of the theatre uses these apt words:

"Remember so to act your part upon the stage as to
 "be approved by the master, whether it be a short or a
 "long one that he has given you to perform. If he
 "will have you to represent a beggar, endeavor to act
 "that well. So if a lame man, a prince or a plebian.
 "It is your part to perform well what you represent.
 "It is his to choose what that shall be."

Happy the youth who feels *the necessity for work*. There are few young men in this country who can withstand the enervating prospect of great wealth. We have

no race of reputable idlers among us, for a man without other occupation than amusing himself is decidedly a fish out of water here. Almost all who attain official position or wealth in this country achieve it without the adventitious aid of fortune. And so generally is it true that the most responsible positions like the finest houses in almost every street of every town are held by those who began life poor, that parents who only covet political or pecuniary success for their children may well hesitate to hamper their energies by the load with which rich legacies so often weigh them down in the race for preferment.

The student of Saint John's should cherish a just pride in his *Alma Mater*. It is the practice of weak minds to depreciate that with which they are familiar and glorify the merits of what is far removed. "*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*," is the logic of the inexperienced. Few colleges surpass this in beauty of location, in fitness of some of its buildings or in the proportion of men of usefulness and distinction among its graduates. The visitor who expects always to find grandeur and magnificence among the Universities and Colleges of the old world will frequently be disappointed. But he will never fail to find a just pride in the institutions, cherished as a duty and a pleasure by the students; and this goes far to explain their success. The buildings at Harrow, with the exception of the modern chapel and library, are far inferior to these; but the students evidently love the old place and are proud to be

connected with it and cherish its traditions as their own honors. On every hand one sees mementoes of the college days of former Harrovians; of Sir William Jones and Sheridan and Byron and Peel and Palmerston. The exercise books of Lord Aberdeen, not particularly creditable as specimens of chirography, with letters from distinguished personages acknowledging civilities from the students, are carefully preserved in the Library. The old tomb, on which Byron was wont to lie stretched in the shade of a mighty oak, is carefully guarded by iron bars from the interference of relic gatherers. The old wainscoted walls of the College Hall are covered with distinguished names, carved there in youthful days by those who afterwards inscribed them with equal distinctness in their country's history. Portraits of former students abound, and—especially prized by the younger generation—the fine face of Sidney Herbert, the youthful Secretary of War during the Crimean conflict—whose brilliant administration recalled the days when the younger Pitt was Prime Minister at twenty-five, and whose premature death moved the heart of the nation—looks encouragement from the walls upon the youth of England. These and similar proofs of love of the College, collected in great part by the classes themselves, are pointed out with interest to the visitor by the polite student. It is in the same affectionate and grateful spirit that the Venetians preserve and feed at the public expense in the Piazza of St. Mark the flocks of pigeons, offspring of the doves of good omen that brought

tidings of glorious victory from blind old Dandalo in the greater days of the Republic. And thus it is that the students abroad seem to consider themselves the guardians of the College property. Students in this country would doubtless consider it a most arbitrary proceeding to exact from them such pledges as are incorporated in the rules of the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, to be subscribed by every student; one of which I will read from the printed regulations handed to the visitor in the College Library:

“Declaration Subscribed by Readers.—I, A. B., do solemnly promise, in the presence of God, that whenever I shall enter the Library of this College, I will handle the books and other furniture of the Library in such a manner, that they may last as long as possible. I promise also that I will not myself carry away any book, willingly injure one, write in one, or in any way abuse one, nor will I so far as in me lies, permit others to do so. Moreover, I will communicate to the Provost or Librarian the names of those who commit such offences, within three days after I shall know of them. All and each of which things, and all the Statutes of the Library, so far as they relate to me, I promise and pledge myself to observe faithfully.—*Stat. 8 Geo. II., and 18 Vict.*”

Yet it is by such discipline that the good are enabled to control the evil minded who would bring odium upon their fellows. It seems hard, that in the enforced association of a College, the rule “*noscitur ex sociis*,” should be so applied by the outer world of patrons, as to bestow upon the exemplary some portion of the opprobrium that ought to rest upon the wrong doer alone: and yet such is undoubtedly the fact. But judicious restraints, in great part self-imposed by the student him-

self, may tend to curb such as require control, while they are practically unfelt by those who have no disposition to transgress. The grounds, the buildings, the books and apparatus of a College are rather designed for the benefit and delight of the student than of the citizen or professor; and it seems reasonable that the student should be as watchful to prevent the injury of his temporary home as the citizen is to guard his own humbler possessions.

Why should you not inaugurate such a system here? The existence of your admirable College Societies, (organizations entirely unknown in Colleges out of this country in most of their peculiar features, so far as I have been able to ascertain,) furnishes an admirable machinery for its accomplishment. There would be more glory in originating the enterprise, than in lounging into the feast laid by others; in establishing the orchard, than in indolently plucking the fruit from trees already planted.

You do not lack the materials. If Harrow sent forth Statesmen who ruled their country with distinction, Judges and lawyers who dignified the administration of justice, Divines who illustrated the graces of Christianity in their lives, and Scholars and Poets who have instructed and delighted the world, Saint John's can claim the same high distinction. Holy and learned Bishops and Clergy; Scholars unsurpassed in their time for abstruse scientific learning; Chief Justices, Chancellors and Judges, the peers of the greatest Jurists in the land; Statesmen who have proved themselves able to cope with

the first minds of their day at home and abroad, and whose services have thrice paid back to Maryland all that the College ever cost her; Lawyers who met only their equals when they encountered the legal giants of the land,—and who never forgot Jerusalem in her troubles but pleaded the rights of their *Alma Mater* whenever they were imperilled, with unsurpassed ability:—Philanthropists who turned their backs on prosperity and ease for the welfare of a benighted people, and perished for their sake, as truly as ever did pious palmer, who “wore his sandal-shoon and scallop-shell”—such are the sons whose fame is committed to you to preserve, of those who once sat where you now sit, and went in and out at these doors. The Star Spangled Banner of your own Key has done more to stir the blood and rouse the spirit of a free people, than all that Byron ever wrote; and every son of Saint John’s may especially be proud that the same pure poetic spirit that struck those high chords in honor of his loved country, has also sung the glories of “a better country, that is, a Heavenly,” in words that breathe so much of the Holy fervor and Divine grace that inspired the Sweet Singer of Israel. Why should you not at once take measures to preserve mementoes of such men, before it shall be too late for success?

And as the student should cherish a pride in his College, see to it that your College have cause to be proud of you.

The highest responsibility of the student is for the formation of his own character. If he that ruleth his

spirit is better than he that taketh a city, is not the youth who, allured by the bribes of pleasure, recklessly sacrifices his opportunities for good, worse than the venal soldier who surrenders a fortress intrusted to him by the Master? as Tarpeia betrayed the Capitol to her country's foes. And ever the wages of the treason proves the destruction of the traitor; for the stipulated price is never paid: as the shameless Roman woman, who had demanded as the price of the citadel the shining things the Sabines wore on their left arms, fell crushed beneath the weight of their bright shields, which they pretended they had promised her instead of their golden bracelets.

The path up the mountain side is arduous, and one false step may lose us all we have gained. From good to evil the distance is but small. The Faust of the poet Lessing interrogates in turn the seven Spirits of Hell, that he may choose the swiftest as his familiar. Each claims the pre-eminence, which awakens his astonishment that among seven devils there should be only six liars. He rejects him who can fly as swiftly as the finger moves unburnt through the lamp flame, and those, in turn, who proclaim that they are as swift as the plague dart,—as the wind,—as the lightning,—as the thanks of grateful men,—as the wrath of the avenger; but he accepts at once, as far fleetier than all, that Spirit who declares that he is “neither faster nor slower than the passing from good to evil.” “Alas,” cries the doomed man, “I know how fast that is, I have proved it.”

Would that the evil things of life were half as difficult to acquire as the good! The youth who would attain the good must recognize the need of self-denial and stern repression of tastes and habits that lead to indolence and vice. The artful guardians of the youthful Eastern King, who wished to enervate and ruin the character whose incipient genius excited their fears, studiously planned to undermine his health and principles by surrounding him with incentives to luxury and dissipation. And the youth of to-day who makes choice of the path of pleasure, is simply selecting for himself the very course which the most diabolical enemy he could possibly have would deliberately contrive for him.

The Capua of the youthful student is "The Castle of Indolence."

"For not on downy plumes," says Dante,
 "Nor under shade
 Of canopy reposing, Fame is won ;
 Without which whosoe'er consumes his days,
 Leaveth such vestige of himself on earth,
 As smoke in air, or foam upon the wave.
 Thon, therefore, rise! vanquish thy weariness
 By the mind's effort ; in each struggle formed
 To vanquish, if she suffer not the weight
 Of her corporeal frame to crush her down."

The old servitor in Shakespeare, when offering his small savings and his bodily services to his ruined master, utters words which may well "give pause" to the ambitious youth.

"Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty ;
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood ;
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo

The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly."

And to energy of character and purity of life are well joined those graces of manner which spring from true unselfishness—the willingness to inconvenience ourselves for the sake of others: and that high sense of honor which Burns so finely expresses in his familiar lines ;

"The fear o' hell 's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order ;
But where you feel your honor grip
Let that ay be your border.
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences ;
And resolutely keep its laws
Uncaring consequences."

And happily you know, Young Gentlemen, that all this is but imperfect, unless there be yet added those higher attainments which are essential to make up the full stature of the *Christian* gentleman.

The youth of our land will soon be its rulers. It were a glorious vision, says Disraeli, to see a land saved by its youth. Let the students of Saint John's resolve that their contribution to the stream of progress shall not contaminate its waters, if it cannot clear them.

There could be no higher blessing for the country than that the new generation shall surpass the present in all that makes for good; that its Clergy may preach the Faith with a yet holier zeal and with eloquent tongues as though touched with a living coal from off the altar; that its Judges with unsullied hands may administer a

yet wiser and purer law, whose steady light shall dazzle the audacious gaze of the extortioner and the public robber and drive him in dismay from the sanctuary he pollutes by his presence,

“Blinded like serpents, when they gaze
Upon the emerald’s virgin blaze;—”

that the politician, with his crafty wiles and double promises, may give place to the Statesman, as Wordsworth pictured him in *The Happy Warrior*:

—“Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all;”

and that yet greater comforts and happiness in every condition of life, may give rise to still deeper feelings of gratitude to The Giver of all good.

May the students of this College take prominent part in this noble work, that they may everywhere be recognized by their merits as sons of Saint John’s, and as white robed ambassadors may bear abroad the fame of their *Alma Mater*. So that in future days, when your successors in these Halls shall see your names high inscribed among those of the useful and eminent of the land, they may be incited to emulate your virtues; and as they read the proud record may exclaim,

“FORSITAN ET NOSTRUM NOMEN MISCEBITUR ISTIS!”

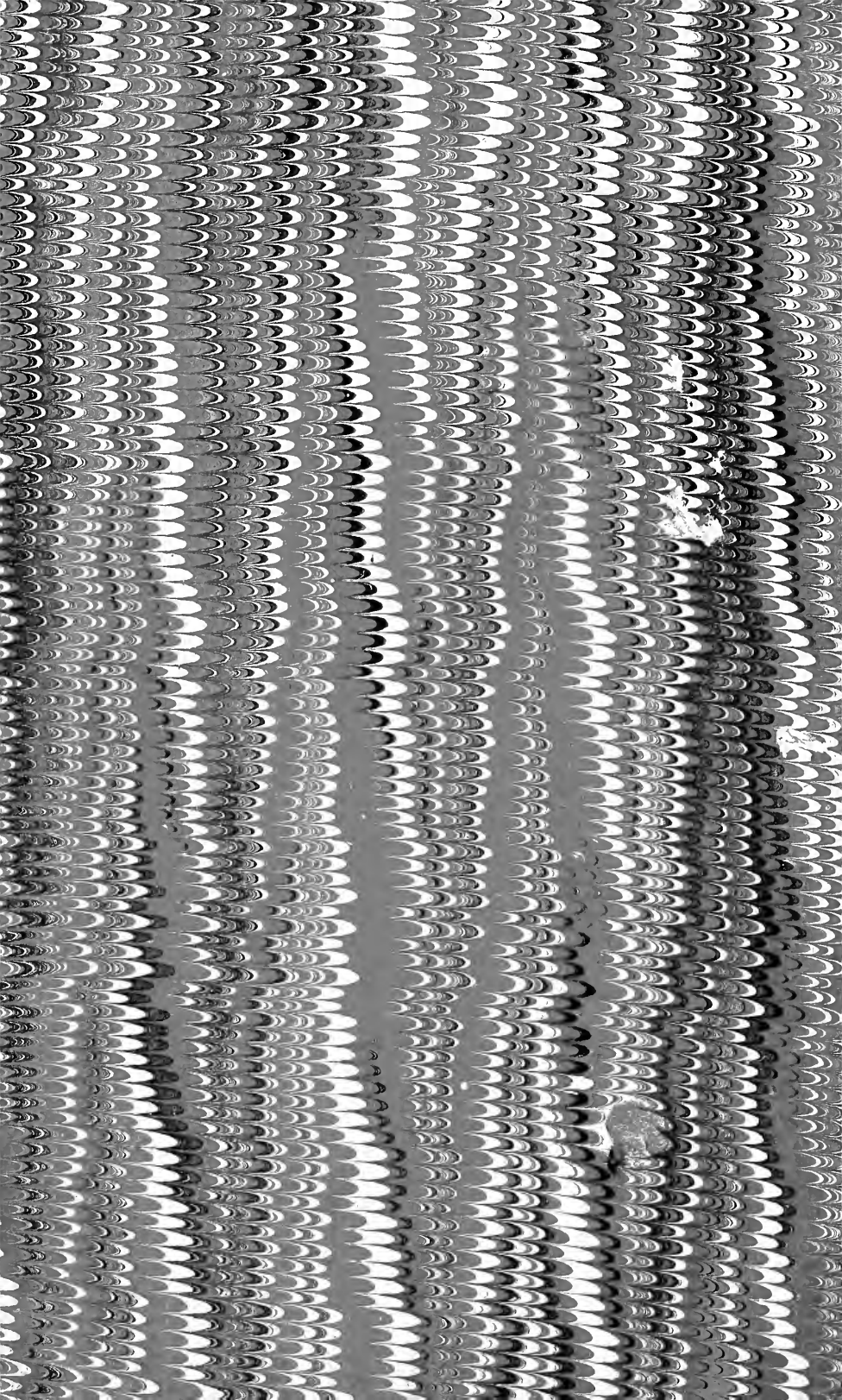


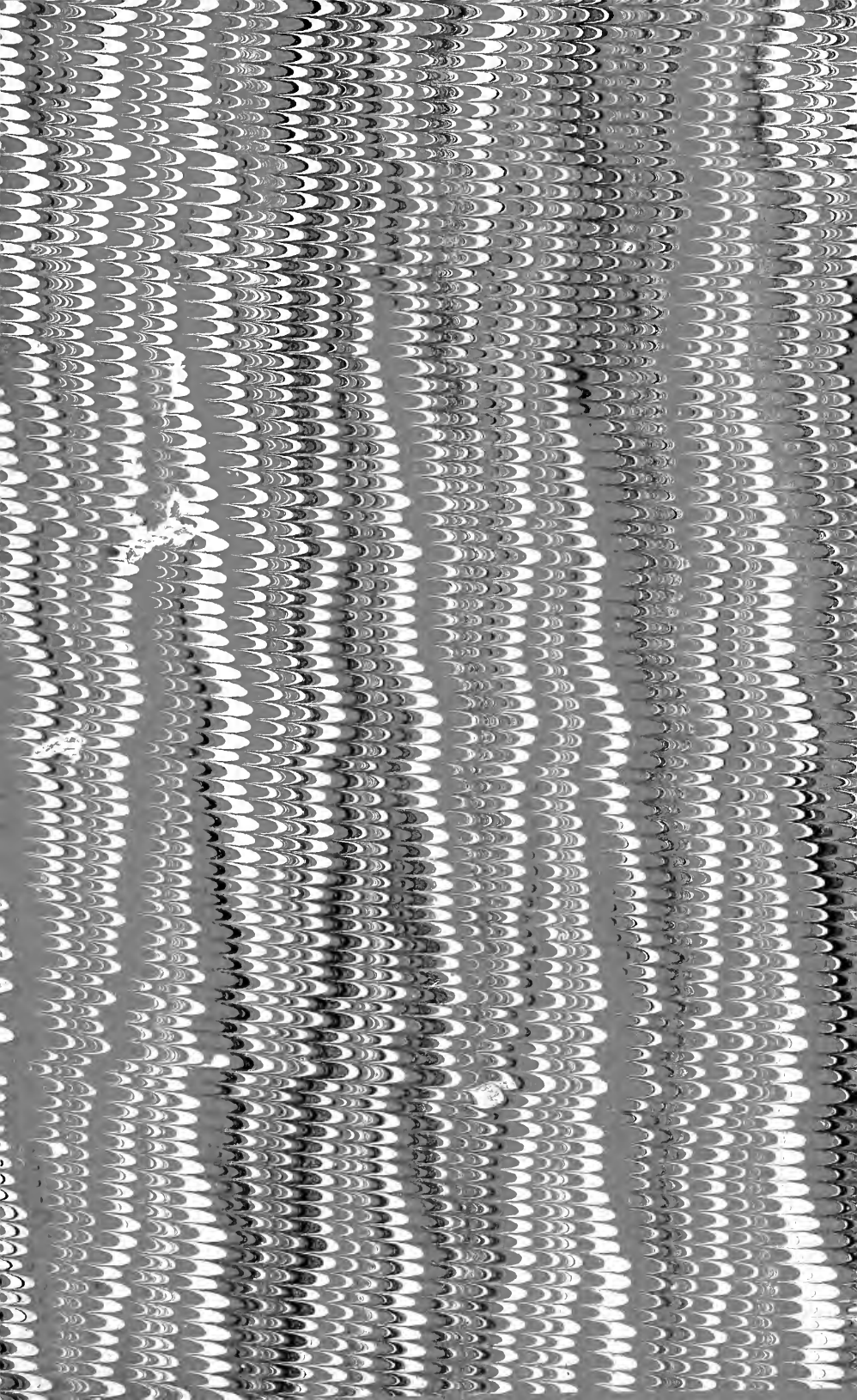












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